

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

wear pinafores if she could." "How queer of her, one would think she had taken you to raise. Why don't you rebel? Strikes me I would," said the stout-hearted Helen.

"Strikes me you would do nothing of the kind. Why my dear, you positively don't know what you are talking about. I would as soon think of heading a rebellion against the Government. No, no Helen, something may turn up sometime, but till it does the 'poor widow lady,' as she calls herself, will rule the roost at home.

Time and again was the wily Pang Chou wanted to adorn the drawing rooms of his faithful teacher. Always was he regaled with music, the faintest of suppers, and the Rev. A. Kiddis. And every time did he become more convicted of the ignominy of his guilt, and promised more honestly to lead a better life.

One time it was particularly impressive. The minister talked long and earnestly, till not only the Chinaman, but also the entertainers were melted to tears.

"Yah, yah, me been badde manne, velly badde manne, me be better now," and the promising convert pressed his hostess' hand with fervor and took his leave.

All summer Elsie taught her pupil with the greatest diligence, and apparently with the greatest success. Yes, just apparently.

It was a cold damp rainy day in October, that the housekeeper was taken ill, and as usual everything went wrong. The morning had been devoted to silver cleaning, and some of the spoons were missing, and Elsie scolded the housemaid for her carelessness, until the poor girl cried. And just as the tired young mistress sat down to lunch, a messenger arrived, with a note, requesting her presence at the police station.

"What on earth can they want with me!" she exclaimed irritably.

"I don't know any of my friends that are likely to be there."

"Perhaps it's —, the Captain suddenly stopped. Tell Henry to drive you down, you had better go as respectably as possible, since you have to you know.

Elsie said nothing, and hurried away to dress; and inside of half an hour she stood in the entry of the Police Station, wondering what to do next. Presently an officer approached.

"You Miss Meredith?" he asked, surveying her critically. The girl bowed.

"Well Miss, will you jest follow me; we wants to know if you ever saw them before," and he pointed to six silver spoons, lying on a table, together with a little fruit knife and a quaint silver lined snuff box.

"Why! of course, they are mine, that is they belong to my uncle. Those are his initials on the handles. Where did you get them, sir?" she demanded turning to the officer, and for the first time she noticed that a little group of men had gathered round the table.

"Go and fetch the feller," whispered one of them to a policeman, who departed and presently reappeared, towing behind him the reluctant Pang Chou.

"Perhaps you can identify him, Miss? Know him!"

Oh! the shame and mortification that swept wave-like over the girl. Yes most assuredly she knew him. Was it not on him she had lavished all her eloquent appeals and entreaties? Was it not for him she had labored so unceasingly? Was it not of him she had boasted to her friends? Boasted of his conviction and regeneration. Yes, of a surety he was convicted, not of his sins, but in them.

"Ye see Miss, we kinder suspected the heathen of havin' things as didn't belong to him; so we jest